

THE A. V. THORNTON

THE A. V. THORNTON is a book of the 2nd volume and the 1st
from the series of the 2nd volume and the 1st

The Church is a book of the 2nd volume and the 1st
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MICROFILMED — 1978

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THE A. V. THORNTON

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from the series of the 2nd volume and final

The Church is led by a Council of Ministers
To which the church and people are

And the church is in a position

One of the main reasons for the church's growth
is the fact that the church is in a position
to be able to do so

The church is in a position to be able to do so
and the church is in a position to be able to do so

In this conference

Your church is

MICROFILMED — 1978

FINIS

131354

UMI

The Loves of

1.

HERO

AND

LEANDER:

A mock Poem:

WITH

Marginall Notes, and other choice Pieces
OF

DROLLERY.

Got by heart, and often repeated by divers
witty Gentlemen, and Ladies, that use to
walke in the *New Exchange*, and at their re-
creations in *Hide-Park*.

Ut Nect̃ar Ingenium.

Printed at *London*, 1653.

The Power of

THE POWER OF

AND

THE POWER OF

A Book of

WITH

Small Notes and other things

OF

THE POWER OF

When the Power of

is used in the

of the Power of

the Power of

the Power of

the Power of

the Power of

the Power of

the Power of

the Power of

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the Power of



of
In



Hi
An



The famous Greek and Asian story,
Of honour'd Male and Female glory.
Know all, I value this rich Gem,
With any piece of C. J. M.
Nay more then so, I'de give no lesse,
Then any script of friends, J. S.

This was
the Au-
thors Pro-
logue.

of young Leander, and of Hero,
I now begin; Dum spiro, spero.



LEANDER being fresh and gay, His haire
As is the leek or green popey; was not
Upon a morn both clear and powdered,
bright,
When Phoebe rose, and had
bedight

Himselfe with all his Golden rayes;
And pretty birds did perch on sprays:

A 3

When

When Marigolds did spread their leaves,
And men begin to button sleeves :)

Then young *Leander* all forlorn,
As from the Oke drops the acorn ;

So from his weary bed he slipr,
Or like a School-boy newly whipt ;

But with a look as blithe to see,

As cherry ripe on top of tree :

So, forth he goes and makes no stand,

With Crabtree Cudgle in his hand.

He had not gone a mile or two,

But gravel got into his shooe,

He set him down upon a bank,

To dry his foot, and rest his shank,

And so with finger put in shooe,

He pul'd out dirt and gravel too.

This was about the wast of day :

The middle, as the vulgar say.

Fair *Hero*, walking with her Maid,

To doe the thing cannot be staid,

Spi'd young *Leander* lying so,

With pretty finger picking toe.

She thought it strange to see a man

In privy walk, and then anan,

*Note here
every thing
is the worse
for wea-
ring.*

*All men
cannot be
Schollars.*

She slept behind a Pop'ring tree,
 And listned for some Novelty;
 Leander having clear'd his throat,
 Began to sing this pleasant note.

*Ob, would I had my Love in bed,
 Though she were nere so fell;
 I'de frigh't her with my Adders head,
 untill I made her swell.
 Ob Hero, Hero, pity me,
 With a Dildo, Dildo, Dildo dee.*

Fair Hero 'gan to smile at this,
 Leander rais'd 'gainst tree to pils,
 * He plucks me freight his Drabler out,
 And with his arms claspt tree about:
 O thus, quoth he, O thus, — I coo'd,
 Bobbing Rogero 'gainst the wood.

His Blind-worm Hero fair did see,
 † His Curral head did lean 'gainst tree:
 Which sight did make her sigh and sob,
 To see how he 'gainst tree did bob:
 She never lov'd him till that hour,
 And him she will invite to Towre.

A 4

* As any
 man in love
 may doe.

† It may
 be called
 Curral, in
 respect of
 rubbing of
 Gums.

She

She sat her down to ease her joynts:
 The springal he unties his points.
 Faire Hero noted him a while,
 And prettily began to smile,
 To see a comely youth and tall,
 Could not hold that which needs must fall.

Now Heroe faire had spi'd a vapour,
 And sends her maid with piece of paper:
 But he before the Maid did come,
 * Had sav'd that labour with his thumb:)
 The Maid with blush turn'd back againe,
 Seeing her labour was in vaine.

* As it may
 be Reader
 shy self hast
 done.

Leander having done his taske,
 And made an end ore hedge nine Laske,
 He turn'd about, and made no bones,
 † But with Rick rak't for Cherry stones.
 So as he stooped, he spi'd coming,
 A gentle Nymph, whose pace was running.
 He could not tell what to suppose,

† Observe
 in this the
 childishnesse
 of a Lover.

* Meaning
 into his
 Breeches.

* But put up Shirt into his Hose.
 Leander streight did follow Maid,
 Untill he came where Heroe laid.
 Her cheek on hand, her arme on Rump,
 Her leg on grasse, on mole-hill rump;

He with a gentle modest gate,
 Plucking his Cap from off his Pate,
 Hethus bespake her, Lovely Peat,
 Behold, with running how I sweat!
 Ob, would I were that harmelesse Rump,
 Whereon thou lean'st, with that a thump
 Brake from the intrails of his hese,

Heroe was fearfull, dreading foes,
 Seeing a Canon 'gainst her bent,
 That seem'd to level at his tent:

Leander having felt the scape,
 And spi'd the Maid to laugh and gape:
 He then began to smell a Rat,
 And stole his hand down under's Hat.

Heroe did note his Roger good,
 And how couragiously it stood:
 At length she asked him his name,
 And wherefore that he thither came:

Quoth he, my dwelling is *Abidos*,

+ This is my walke wednesdays and Fridayes,

I love to see the Squirrels play,

With bow and bolt I them doe fray.

My name is young *Leander* call'd,

My Father's rich, and yet hee's bald:

Enough

+ True lo-
 vers walk
 on Fift-
 dayes.

Enough quoth *Hero*, say no more,
Mum-budg, quoth he, 'twas known of yore.

Now *Heroes* love began to curdle,

She wisht his head under her girdle,

If so she had, I make no doubt,

But it would dash its own brains out ;

And yet the *Stale* be nere the worse.

I may compare the head to purse

Whose mouth is fastened to a string,

And if the knot she chance to wring,

The money white will issue out :

† He shoots most wide that hits the clout.

Now *Heroes* love could not be hid.

Come hither, love, 'tis I that bid.

Feare not, my love, to taste my lip,

Imagine me to be thy Ship :

Guide thou the Rudder with thy hand,

And in my Poop fear not to stand :

Stand to thy tackle on the hatches,

My Gunner-room is free from matches :

Pull up my Sail to thy Main yard,

My compass use thou, and my Card :

Lay thou my anchor where thou please,

In broad, or in the narrow Seas ;

And

As one
would say,

Wide.

quoth

Wallis,

when his

— was

in the

Bed-straw.

And though the foaming Ocean fret,
 Thy anchor's safe, though it be wet.
 Quoth she, close by fair *Sestos* stream,
 (With that within her throat rose steame)
 Neer to that place there stands a Cloyster,
 (Poor soul she coughs and voids an Oyster)
Leander stole his foot upon it,
 And treads it out with yailed Bonnet,
 She thanks *Leander* for his pains,
 And for another softly strains :
 Her choler laid, she said, mark well,
 And understand what I thee tell :
 Come then, my love, in twile of night,
 The time when Owl and Bats take flight :
 In lower window I will place,
 A Taper bright as eyes in face ;
 Which light shall be thy load-star bright,
 Through waves to guide thee in the night :
 And with that word, like Ivy wound
 About his neck, arms clasped round :
Venus did nere more dote on *Don*,
 Whose heat in love was cold as stone,
 Then *Hero* did on springal young ;
 So down they fell together clung,

Not *Don*
Dejo, she
 based a
Spaniard.

Upon

Upon a Primerose hill most sweet,
 Their lips being joyn'd, their tongues did greet,
 So high did grow the fragrant flowres,
 Made fresh by youthfull April showers,
 But when she saw them lye-so close,
 She put the flowers under her nose:
 And so approaching to the place,

* It seemeth
 they made a
 soil of a
 pleasure.

* Where they lay panting face to face;
 So high did grow the herbs so sweet,
 That cover'd them from head to feet;
 Her Maid then got into a tree,
 Where plain she might these Lovers see.

Leander found the watery brook,
 Where never fish was caught with hook,
 Yet bobbing there had been good store,
 † With great red wormes, some three or foure:
 Oh, who hath seen a stricken Deer,
 Or from his eyes in water clear,
 A dabled Duck with dirt bemit'd,
 So Hero lay with pleasure tir'd.

† They are
 called red
 Worms, be-
 cause they
 creep into
 holes.

* A Medlar
 by the Phi-
 losopher, is
 thought to
 be an Open-
 Arse.

* On Medlar branch the Maid doth sit,
 One Medlar with a meany met;
 Though she was there, there was to see,
 Nothing but Medlars on the tree.

Wee'll

Wee'l leave the Maid upon a crotch,
Holding by hands, sitting on notch :
But the sweet sight did so intice,
That bough was met with her device.

And now *Leander* gets him up,
* And clos'd the acorn and the cup.
His Cucko pintle he did thrust
Into his Oxlip which was just,
His Batchelors burton, strait as line,
Made way into her Columbine.

* Which
cup Rea-
der, thou
wouldst be
loath to
drink in.

His hooded hawk he then did bring her,
Which she receiv'd with Ladies finger :
His sprig of Time, her branch of Rue,
His Primerose, and her Violet blue.
Leander lusty springal youth
Did now retire, 'twas so in truth :
Who, like some youthful prodigal,
Must needs retire, having spent all.
He now returned to his friends,
Who him receiv'd with fingers ends.

The Maid was greedy, though but silly,
She thought too much went by her belly :
Oh, she was wrapt with that sweet sight,
That she did long to enter sight.

By

By chance a Weaver passing by,

Looking aside, she did him spy.

Then as *Adonk* horse did fare,

When he beheld the Freez-land Mare,

Breaking his rains ty'd to a Tree,

And even as like as like may be,

Setting the runt of horse aside ;

† Her rubbish did excel in pride.

She looking earnest at the Weaver,

The Medlar-branch sooth did deceive her.

Quoth she, alafs! ah me, ah me!

What, was I born to fall from tree?

Her cloaths her head did canopy,

She was all bare from head to knee.

The man accurst, whose trade was scurvy,

Had thought the world had bin turn'd topsy-turvy.

Now he did tread as if on Eggs,

He saw a Medlar 'twixt her leggs :

I know not how they there did settle,

But in the Weaver got his Shetle :

Where we will leave *Tom-trumpery*,

To talk of other company.

Leander having fetcht his fees,

And *Hero* having covered knees.

Quoth

Rubbish,
the Author
takes for
loves Mon
licum.

(11)

Quoth she, I know thou art no dodger,
Sweet, have a care of trusty Roger,
My Dear, quoth she, my Lover true,
Remember what you from me drew :
Remember you being full of quibblits,
Remov'd your Hares head from my gibblits.

With that afar off she gan spy,

* A fellow running with one eye.

He wore, because his head was bald,
An old hats crown which hid the scald.

His nose was crooked, long, and thin,

As sharp and long appear'd his chin,

His eye brows hung upon his cheeks,

His head did grow like bed of Leeks.

His back did over-look his head,

One of his arms as door-naile dead :

His fingers wore for Liveries,

Nailles long as Cupids Quiver is :

Upon his back he wore coat blue.

His face would make a dog to spue :

His legs did goe four wayes at once,

He was all skin save some few bones.

Then Hero said, The weary hour

Is come for me to go to Towre.

* He had
one eye
which did
ever run.

Then

Then farewell Love, *Leander* said,
 And strait she whistled for her Maid :
 By this *John Hedg bogg* drew him nigh,
 For that his name was not to lye.
 His one eye in her face did peer,
 Quoth he, who'd thought t' have found you here ?
 Come ; to your father you must goe,
Leander tro d upon his toe,
 And said, with biting of his thumb,
 That you saw me, no words but mum:
 So puts his hand to pocket twice, -
 And gave him two Cans, or the price:
Leander could no longer keep her,
 Away she goes with this hedg-creeper.
 He now devis'd what course to take,
 Fearing that Dough would be his Cake,
 If it were known : So home he goes,
 * Passing the time in eating Slows.
 His minde doth run on *Heroes* Lap,
 At Fathers door he now doth rap :
 Which Porter hearing turns the lock,
 With brazill staffe, aad comely Brock :
 Where we will leave him for a while,
 And unto *Hero* turn our file.

Fair

Slow to
 e from
 ye.

Fair *Hero* having past the Spont,
 She now was come unto the Cont—
 Tinent of *Sestos*, where she dwelt :
 Her heart in passion'gan to mele,
 Unto the Tower close she took,
 And with her finger did unhook
 The Casement, looking forth on stream :
 The Star-light'gan on Flood to gleam :
 For now brave *Titan* banisht was,
 Now long leg'd Spiders creep on grasse;
 When nightingales do sit and sing,
 With prick'gainst brest, and Fairies ring :
 Two houres fill'd hath been the gut ;
 Men now begin to go to Rut ;
 When man in Rug doth cry in night ;
 Look well to locks and fire-light :
 The time when *Thomas* with his team,
 Doth lug out dung, and men 'gin dream :
 When City Gates are shut, not open ;
 And Dutch men cry, What all *A-sloven*.
 About this time fair *Hero* stood,
 Watching *Leander* in the Flood.
 He calls for Smock, and puts off foul,
 Washing her parts with Sope in Bowl.

B

† Here the
 Author
 shews him-
 self a Lin-
 guist.
 Her

Her foot she washt: O pretty foot,
 (But yet I am not come unto it)
 Of knee she washt the comely pahn,
 And now I come unto't anan:

Her thighs she washt with veins so blue;

* Pode, or
 loves lime-
 pit.

* Her Pode likewise of sable hue:

Below the bottom of her belly,
 Did grow a Toy; of shape most felly:
 Though enough to make a child ascar'd,
 Two Corral lips with a black beard.
 And us that beast that's kept for breed,
 Lets fly her water when sh' has need,
 Which done, her Funnel she turns out and in,
 Which was so like, as't the same had bin:
 Here will we leave her nak'd as nail?
 And to *Leander* turn our tale.

Forth from his Fathers house he went,
 Much like a Bird-bolt being sent,
 From Brazil bow and trusty string,
 With feathers of the Gray-Goose wing.
 He tooke him to a trusty rock,
 And stript him to the ebon neck.
 And being naked look't like *Mars*,
 With purple scab upon his A——

The

The seam betwixt his Cod that went,
 Seem'd like to *Cupid's* bow unbent,
 The Cod his quiver, where his arrows
 Did hang, much like a nest of Sparrows.
 But some may think this is a fable,
 He was fring'd with hair from Nock to nav'le.

* *Fego*, saith he, so forth he goes.

The gravel got between his toes,
 Now fear'd he *Neptune* as a God,
 Still running with his hand on Cod.

O who hath seen a wanton Roe,
 Jump o're the Fearn, indeed even so
 The lively Skip-Jack mounts and falls,
 And still on *Hero*, *Hero*, calls.

Even with that word, with speedy motion,
 He leaps into the foaming Ocean:

Th' enamoured Fishes'bout him flock,
 Some play in arm-holes, some in nock:

Endimions love then shone outright;

He spi'd in *Heroes* Tower a light:

And in the window looking out,

A lovely face, that seem'd to pout.

By this fair *Hero* might discern,

Leander's head, but not his Stern,

B 2

* *Fego* is
 a word of
 courage, as
 we cry, St.
 George.

That

That frisked underneath the waves :
 And this is all that *Hero* craves,
 To see himself within her bed,
 Whom billowes beat now on the head.
Leander now turns on his back,
 He yerks out legs and lets arme slack :

* *Here you must note,* * But then above the water floated,
nothing can be hid from true love. The true Loves-lump, which *Hero* noted.
 Fair *Hero* had a goodly sight,
 That could discern so far by night.

† *Here the Author pit-
 ieth Le-
 ander, and
 despiseth
 the Fish.*

He was much troubled with a Shad,
 † That did pursue this lovely Lad.
 The envious fish did so torment him,
 As had't been I, I should have shent him ;
 And said, thou art a scabby fish,
 To nimble at fair *Heroes* dish.
Hero did note how he was troubled :
 The water 'bout *Leander* bubbled :
 She looks still forth, kneeling on Mats ;
Foventus meets a Shole of Sprats,
 They him besiege on every side,
 Betwixt his arms and legs they glide.
Neptune, the dreadfull God of Seas,
 On whom did never stick March-Fleas.

Takin

Taking in hand his good Bele Spade,

Towards *Leander* streight he made :

The Shad and Shole of Sprats did flye,

At sight of *Neptunes* angry eye.

The God then turn'd him up-side downe,

And view'd his parts from heel to crown,

He dally'd with his elfine locks,

And bears him up from shelf and rocks

His cheeks, his lips, his chin he kist,

No part of Yonker *Neptune* mist.

Now *Hero* of his love made doubt,

And wisht him there in yellow clout.

His thigh so white he still would fell,

Then he would kick with horn and heel.

Quoth *Neptune* then to buxsome Boy,

Nay, of my courting seem not coy.

Dost hear, live here my lovely Lad,

We give thee Cod, eat Dace and Shad ;

I am as great a God as *Mammon*,

Thou shalt have Ling, Poor John and Sammon.

And if thou sayest thou wilt not blab,

Thou shalt have Lobster Prawn and Crab,

tell thee I am not Curmudgeon,

Thou shalt have Rotchet, Whiting, Gudgeon.

B 3

The

* Being le-
cherous
meat.

Stock-fish.

The fish that is by Weavers eaten,
 That must be first with besle beaten,
 Of Knights heard never are more Dubbins,
 Thou shalt have green fish and their Gubbins :
 I'll bring thee where thou shalt see Lig ;
 The lusty Oyster, Shrimp, and Grig :
 Quoth he thou swimmest without force,
 And calls a Dolphin, mount his horse .
 And when thy mind is somewhat laid,
 Thou shalt arrive gainst tow'r of Maid.
 For well I know thou'rt thither going ;
 For all thy grinning, mocks, and mowing
 I am quoth he, if thou bee'st wrath,
 Keep in thy breath to cool thy broth :
 And so away from him he flies ;
 * And water stood in Neptunes eyes:
 But he again, quarrel to pick,
 Said, 'bide with me ; quoth he, ne nick.
 With that the God, with ireful hand,
 Cast young *Leander* on the sand :
 Where we will leave him, to lay sooth,
 † Sucking his tongue with hollow tooth :
 The Watch of *Sestos* Tow'r came down :
 With Bill in hand, Murrtion on Crown

* Unkind-
 nels will
 force teares
 sometimes.

† He had
 the tooth-
 ache.

Rug.

Rug-gown on back, Lanthorn in hand,
 By two and two this rusty band,
 Did take their way unto the Plat,
 Whereas *Leander* naked sat.
 These Sons of night did straight him spy,
 Who's there, quoth one ? quoth he, 'tis I;
 'Tis I, quoth he: is that an answer ?
 It is, quoth he, wer't thou my Grandfire :
 The wisest of them then did scan,
 And said' sure Neighbours, 'tis meer man.
 Nay said another, that's not so ;
 For this hath nailes you see on Toe :
 And meer man hath no feet but fins,
 And this hath legs you see and shins.
 Quoth one, to Sea I shall him hunt,
 Speak if I shall, with that the Cunt——
 ——Stable thus spake, what words spake he,
 I think, sayes one, some two or three ;
 Go then in peace, and strike him down,
 Then forth steps one with bill so brown,
 A fore-ty'd Knave lapt up in rug,
 For manners like your Western Pug.
 His name forsooth, was cleiped *Wharton*,
 He was ee'n born at good *Hogs-Norton* :

This Dormouse without wit or skill,
Ran at *Leander* with his bill.

Leander lying on his face,

Not his back, Dunc running his race:

His hinder parts bore somewhat high,

Now was he come *Leander* nigh :

He lifts up bill to cleave a rock,

Bill fled from hands, Nose struck in nock.

Leander with a start did rise,

And breaks his nose fast by his eyes.

* This I
commend to
thee for a
searching
Simile.

* Oh who hath seen an archer good,

Poaking for arrow-head with wood ;

So far'd this Clot-pole nose to find

And grubbed till his eyes were blind :

But all in vaine, the more he strove,

The further in his nose he drove.

For th' nose indeed it stuck so fast,

He was forc'd to leave it, and agast,

Runs unto *Harper* plain to be

There, Watchmen hired with pence three.

Who lifting up their gogling eyes,

They hear a voice, and thus it cries,

My nose, my nose ; my nose and eyes.

And

And still tow'rd them apace he hasted,
Without his nose his face all blasted.

Away they ran for feare of foes,
Kib'd heels to save they ran on toes.
For haff we leave them running still,
And to *Leander* turn our quill.

Hero was all this while in dumps,
Now gins he to bestir his stumps.
Wrath for to say he now did smart,
He could not pull out nose by art.
Well to be short for feare of Watch,
He runs to Tow'r and pulls the latch.

Divinest *Hero* was in bed

The door being ope, he in doth tread :
Yet for no ear should hear him travel ;
From feet he wipes the stony gravel :
So goes me on neerer and neerer,
And with one eye did underpeer her.
Night being warm the cloaths were off,
Sooth 'twas enough to catch a cough :

Leander thought it was no matter,
Though teeth within his head did chatter;
One hand he put upon her toe ;
The other on her buggle-boe.

Quoth

Quoth he thus softly, *Hero, Hero* :
 Away quoth she, and come no neer-ob.
 Yet thus she said when she was waked,
 Eye upon pride when men got naked :
 A glimmering taper stood by bed,
 Which in and out did put his head :
 And by that light she did him know,
 Standing like image of Rye-dough.
 The well hung youth then spake this word,
 Quoth he, I must lay Knife a-board.
 I've swum, quoth he, through thick and thin,
 Brine-waves have beat both neck and chin.

Leander in her Haven cast Anchor.

He rides secure in *Hero's* rode,
 Now he begins to lay on load.
 I'm come through watch and their brown bats,
 Now *Hero* feels his ewittle-cum-twats.
 Alas poor soul she did not strive ;
Leander at her rump let drive :
 He now forgot, as I suppose,
 That in his hobler there was nose.
 I'm come, said he, from side of shore,
 Where lowlie beggars sat of yore.

And

And now the beggar makes me sing
The love of the *Campden* King :

Leanders tale:

On this green bank he first did spy,
One sunny day the beggar lye,
Displaying to fair *Phœbe* fire,
The Marigold of Loves desire.
To Marigold I it compare,
'Cause 'twas the colour of her haire.
Which still to *Titan* was display'd,
In window King stands rich array'd,
And spies by chance the beggar lye,
Back to the ground, face to the skie,
Then like the *Snake* she cast her skin,
Whose amel'd body tumbled in
Her mothers lap in apron green,
And covered that, it was not seen :
Her hair in goodly elf-locks hung,
All down her shoulders, and among
The roots of it, the Dandriff white,
Like hoared frosts shining by night.
When *Phœbe* and her silver train,
The *Yard*, *Orion*, and *Charles Wain*.

Look

Look down upon the Spyres of grals;
 So sprinkled was the head of Lase.
 She wreath'd her body on one side,
 Her legs a mole-hil did divide.

* It might
 have been
 any mans
 case.

* Gamphetua's mouth did water shed
 Fancies and toyes were in his head.
 Under her arme did Cupid lye,
 And shot Gamphetua in the eye.
 Who closely stood in window peeping
 Whilst beggar poor on bank lay sleeping,
 He took his love ere she did rise,
 And sung this note with tears in eyes.

O King, what art thou but a bubble
 That swims in stream so swift;
 Thy joy soon turns to grief and trouble,
 Much like a Boat at drift;
 That severed is from poop of Ship,
 That wanders in the Ocean;
 The beggar turn'd upon her hip.
 Then lay still without motion.

He takes me his Prospective Glasse.
 My passion shall appear in print,

Make

*Make ready Press good Hedger,
 Say thus Cawphetua saw a dink;
 And fell in love with beggar.*

Alas me poor King! I'm now a captive made
 To one that hath no living, land, or trade.
 What shall I say in this? What shall I do;
 Shall I love her to foot hath nere a shoe?
 I am a King, my State in State is mighty,
 Shall I love her who hath sold Aqua-vitæ?
 My rich blood boyls at this so sweet espial,
 Ev'n like a Boar, so chafes my Collop Royal.
 He calls for page, and him for water sends;
 This way and that; he the proud Grissel bends:
 The reason why his bobber stood so stiff,
 Uncover'd lay the silly beggars cliff.

As he was standing his full view to take,
 He spy'd her stretch, and stretching gan to wake:
 Being big with Thomas, she held up one leg,
 And like the ant, on mole-hil laid her egg.
 Then did she rise with such a rude behaviour,
 That Royal nose took winding of that savour;
 Which made him say, behold I come to win thee,
 Now I perceive that thou hast something in thee.
 Down,

Down, down he got the beggar to behold,
And as he went he calls for purse of gold.

The end of this Passion.

The beggar now is come to gate of King,
To beg for bread and meat, or bread and ling.
Which when the King beheld within his Portal,
Come, grassie and hay, quoth he, we are all mortal.
She with a Crutch did cry, God save his grace,
The honest King bade all forsake the place.
Which when the Lords and all the rest were gone,
Quoth he, speak beggar, and speak words but one.

Wilt thou forsake thy beggars life,
And leave off wearing patches ?
Thou shalt no more wear string in knife,
He throws, the beggar catches.
Dear take this purse ; nay be not coy ;
The simple mite doth stand,
Quoth she, my Liege, Pardon a moy,
So fell on knee and hand.
Thou shalt, quoth he, I do not mock,
If thou wilt take my offer,

Have

Have stocking, shoe, and Holland smock,

Eke gold to put in coffer.

Thy rooms they shall be hung with arras,

Head-stuck with silver pins:

Thou shalt no more sell Rosa solis,

Nor buy the Coney-skins.

But first resolve me truly this,

Hath any tag or rag

Put Probe into thy Orifice,

Or water'd thy black nag?

No, doughty Liege, Ile tell you true,

Though poor, I have been chaff;

No man did ever here imbrue,

(Pointing beneath her waist.)

With that he took her by the hand,

Which was by *Phabus* parcht,

Quoth he arise, arise and stand:

To lodge of King they marcht.

Which when they came in room call'd private,

None but themselves alone,

At lowlie beggar he lets drive at,

'Twas dark, her name was *Foan*,

Dear Liege, quoth she; away, quoth he,

So layes her down on back;

And

* Tack, by
reason it
would hold
tack.

And with his finger he doth not linger;

* But pulls me out his tack.

His Taffel gentle he did put

Into her homely Mew,

His Rounsfal in her Cob-nut,

In bladder were Beans blue.

He laid her head against a stoop,

She knew well his pretence :

He taught the beggar her lyripoop,

And paid her odd five pence.

He used art with both his thumbs,

Quoth she, dread Lord, no more;

His curral tickled her tooth-gums,

Yet open stood the door :

With fingers wet in came a Lord,

Who heard a noyse in house;

Sayes beggar now, dread Lord, no word,

But peace and catch a Mouse.

The noble spy'd him very soon,

And fell low on his knee,

He saw King in his honey-Moon,

And all to be shitten was he,

Quoth Baron bold, Gawphesus then,

Your Grace may have down-pallet :

Now

Now he regards not Noble man,
 * But too't he goes ding-maller.
 Her Hockly-hole Kings should abhor,
 Being man was in that place ;
 He puts in Glasking-uri-core
 Before the young mans face.
 Well, Noble man at last 'gan call,
 Quoth King to Lord, go down;
 And bring me here a Camphire ball,
 I'le wash from head to crown.
 And as you go give order streight,
 Unto the Cook for supper ;
 (Thine ear, 'tis matter of much weight)
 Bring brimstone and sweet butter.
 Go get thee gone, and bring with speed
 Those things I have appointed ,
 Of robes bring store, truth is indeed,
 I'le have my King annoynted.

Quoth Hero, What became of Tore ?
 Sayes he, *Omnia vincit amor.*
 He was o'recome and glad to flye,
 To place where muffled he doth lye.

C

Leander

* Her
 Wallet was
 laid under
 her.

Leander now made end of tale,
 Without shirt lining, or shirt male;
 Indeed his tale was well compact,
 For every word he made an act.
 Her legs were ty'd in true loves knot,
 On top of back, full well I wot:
 Poor soul she lay like cheek of Oxe
 Stu'd in a pot, or reeking Socks.
 The Lark now sings with cheerfull note,
 And morn was come as gray as goat:
 O day, quoth she, to love most cruel!
Hero had mess of water gruel,
 Which stood by bed before provided,
 And hand of *Hero* streight is guided
 To mouth of *Puny* to make strong,
 The knot of loves White-leather-thong:
 Then up heflings, and with a start,
 Quoth naked man, I must depart:
 First 'twixt her pillars, truth to say,
Leander wrote, *Ne ultra*.
 No sooner he from bed did jump,
 Out flew the nose with such a thump,
 That *Heroes* Father in next room,
 Did leave his bed and in did come.

Leander

Leander hears the Man of age,
 Who call'd for sword unto his page:
 He seeing him come, with much amazement,
 He runs and creeps out at the casement.
 His *Calla* when pen-cough indeed,
 Was much in dangered by his speed,
 For hook of window got it fast,
 And held him there, till all-agast,
 Fair *Hero* rose and went unto him,
 And with her finger did undo him.
 He down does fall without a word:
 At window struck old man with sword.
 Who se'ing on floor there lay a nose,
 Quoth he, I've bid him I suppose:
 This was the time when Fryers gray,
 Did ring to Martins break of day:
 When Poets good do wake to plor,
 And drunkards leaves his cloak for shor;
 When Carriers put on shoes and hose,
 And Maids do empty stools call'd close:
 That was the time when *Leander* fell,
 From forth of window, truth to tell.
 He had forsook his divine Pillows,
 To fall among the raging billows.

Blue-beard call'd *Neptune*, being mad
 For the disgrace he lately had ;
 This is the troth I need not blab ;
 Turn'd young *Leander* to a Crab :
 And made the Proverb, sure 'twas so,
 That love must creep where 't cannot go :
 And his dwelling was *Abidos*,
 He was doom'd ever to creep side-ways.

Poor *Heroes* sorrow now redoubles,

* The
 fourth part
 of a bushel

* He left her in a peck of troubles :
 A senseless man came to the Tow'r,
 One sense he wants having but four.
 Now smell my meaning if you can,
 With him came *Roger*, *Thomas*, *John*,
 And all the rest of *Mars* his crue,
 Whose eyes were black, some gray, none blue,
 This Sheephead-rabble comes and knocks,
 As they would break open all the locks.
 Fair *Heroes* father in a rigor,
 Hearing that noyse, runs down like Tygor:
 Quoth he who's there ? what are ye drunk ?
 And still the more they stir'd they stunk.
 The Watch, sayes one, open the Gate,
 The Watch, sayes he, haveing a shrewd pate.

He

He op's the door, and standeth still,
 And spake these words, What is your will ?
 Our will, quoth he, what call you that ?
 And spy'd the Nose pin'd in his hat,
 Which when they all of them spi'd,
 This, this is he, strike down they cri'd.
 Then round about they him inviron,
 And up they l for their rusty iron.
 He brake away, and bade them bafe,
 And after they did run apace :

And ran direct, as I suppose,
 For still the man did follow his Nose :
 He follow'd close with his defect,
 And still his Nose was his prospect.
 Oh, had they catcht him them among,
 And all their bills at him they dung.

But note the pity of the Gods
 Extended toward these Hodmandods,
 And first for him that lost his Nose,
 (The truth to you I will disclose ;)
 Because his face did seem to scowle,
 The Gods transform'd him to an Owl.
 And for this was i' th dead of night
 They doom'd him never by day-light

To shew his being, so God then
 Made the first Owl of a Watchman;
 And when he thought to cry, My Nose
 To whis, so too he shrieked and up he rose,
 And, being compelled by th' angry God,
 He clapt his wings and flew to * Rod.

* A famous
 Surgeon in
 his time.

Yet the Gods fury was not done,
 They were transform'd each mothers son.
 Says one, Ye Gods, is it your will
 And spake no more, his mouth turn'd bill:
 And cause the Owl he should not mock,
 The Gods made him the first Woodcock:
 He wears the forme of a Watchman still,
 And will for aye, witness his bill.
 One Watchman he did stay behind,
 And he was turn'd to buzzard blind:
 The last was thinking how to run,
 Saying a fair three they have spun;
 Because he said these words in spite,
 He liv'd and di'd a bird of night:
 His ill luck sure I must not smother;
 He did watch the night for another.
 And for because his shape was ill,
 He never flies but in the will.

In

In memory of this mischance,
 The Record you may see in *France*,
 Upon each door where they must watch,
 In chalk they set on door or hatch,
 The very form of a birds foot :
 In *England* they come neerer to't,
 For the three claws you plainly see,
 That is for every claw a peny.

But now to old man in a trance,
 We must proceed to his mischance ;
 And so his grief, and much misprision,
 We'll tell what hapned in his Vision.
 There came to him, as 'twere in sight,
 A lovely Lady, but no Knight.
 The Lady, seem'd for Lover lost,
 To be on bed of Nettle tost ;
 Of Nettle ; worse ! for to the quick,
 She often had indur'd the prick
 Without complaining, and poor ape,
 To her it seem'd but as a † Jape.
 As Poet-witty well could say,
 A sport, a merriment, a play.
 But she poor Lady almost frantic,

† *An old
 word, but
 young men
 use it.*

As you may see in arras antick ;
 With hair dishevel'd romes about,
 Vowing to find *Leander* out,
 And get him in where no base patch,
 With painted staff, no rugged watch ;
 No nor her father with head hoary,
 Should come to interrupt the story :
 That is, she meant for her delight,
Leander in her book should write,
 And blame her not to rove with ranning ;
 For she had lost her understanding,
 Which standing stiffly to her, might have pur,
 * Some comfort to have cur'd her cut.
 But I too far digress, this fearful sight,
 The aged father from his wits did fright,
 Or them from him, I know not whether ;
 But sure I am they went not both together.

* No cut
 so unkind-
 ness.

A mad old man he was, and lo he dy'd.
 Fair *Hero*, like the wench that cry'd,
 Till she was turned to a stone,
 For her *Leander* made her moan.
 But when she heard, poor silly drab,
 That he was turn'd into a ccab,

She

She then fell down as flat as Flownder, (her
 Her Floodgates ope't, and her own water drown'd

THE EPITAPH.

*They both were drown'd, whilst Love
 and Fate contended ;
 And thus they both pure flesh, like pure
 fish ended.*

THE

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THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF
NEW YORK
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THE MOCK
ROMANS.

Dwarf,

FLY from this Porrest Squire; fly trusty spark:
I fear like Child whom maid bathed in dark.

Squire,

O coward base, whose fear will never lin,
Till't shrink thy heart as small as head of pine
Lady, with pretty finger in her eye,
Laments her Larkish Knight, and shall I fly?
Is this a time for blade to shift for's self,
When Giant vile calls Knight a sneaking Elf?
This day (a day as fair as heart could wish)
This Giant stood on shore of Sea to fish:
For angling Rod, he took a sturdy Oake,
For line a Cable, that in storm ne're broke

His

His hook was such as heads the end of Pole,
 To pluck down house, e're fire consumes it whole :
 His hook was baited with a Dragons tail,
 And then on Rock he stood, to bob for Whale :
 Which strait he caught, and nimbly home did pack
 With ten cart load of dinner on his back.
 So homeward bent, his eye too rude, and cunning,
 Spies Knight and Lady, by a hedge a sunning.
 That Modicum of meat he down did lay,
 (For it was all he eat on Fasting day.)
 They come in's rage, he spurns up huge tree roots,
 Now stick to Lady Knight, and up with boots.

Enter Gyant, Knight, Damsel.

Gyant,
 Bold recreant wight ! what fate did hi. her call thee,
 To tempt his strength that ha's such power to maul
 (thee ?
 How durst thy puling Damsel hither wander
 What was the talk you by yond hedg did mander ?

Damsel,
 Patience sweet man of might : alas, heaven knowes,
 We only hither came to gather flows.

And

And bullies two or three, for truth to tell ye,
 I've long'd six weeks, with them to fill my belly.
 I'fecks, if you'l believ't, nought else was meant sure
 By this our jaunt, which Brants call adventure :

Gyant,

Shall I grow meek as babe, when ev'ry Trull is
 So bold to steal my flows, and pick my bullies ?

Knight

Fear not, let him storm on, and still grow rougher,
 Thou that art bright as candle clear'd by snuffer,
 Canst nere endure a blemish or eclips,
 From such a hook-nos'd, foul-mouth'd blober lips :
 Ere he shall boast he us'd thee thus to his people,
 I'll see him first hang'd high as any Steeple.

Gyant,

If I but upward heave my Oaken twig,
 I'll teach thee play the Tomboy, her the Rig,
 Within my forrest bounds ; what doth she ail,
 But she may serve as Cook to dress my Whale ?
 In this her Damsels tire, and robe of Sarsnet,
 She shall sowse Bore, fry tripes, and wild hogs hars :

(net,
Knight,

Knight,

Monker vile, thou mighty ill-bred Lubber,
 Art thou not mov'd to see her whine and bluber?
 Shall Damsel fair (as thou must needs confels her)
 With Canvas apron, Cook thy meat at Dresser?
 Shall she that is of soft and pliant mettle,
 (Whose fingers silk would gaul) now scowre a Ket-
 (etc.)

Though not to scuffle given, now I'le thwarte thee,
 Let *Blowze* thy daughter, serve for shillings-forty.
 'Tis meetrer (I think) such ugly Baggages
 Should in a Kitchen drudge for yearly wages,
 Then gentle she; who hath been bred to stand
 Neer Chair of Queen, with Island Shock in hand,
 At Questions and commands all night to play,
 And amber Possits eat at break of day;
 Or score out husbands in the charcole ashes,
 With Country Knights (not roaring Country
 (Swathes)

Hath been her breeding still, and's more fit far,
 To play on Virginals and the Gittar,
 Then stir a Sea-coal fire, or scum a Cauldron,
 When thou'rt to break thy fast on a Bulls chaldron.
Gyax,

Giant,

Then I perceive I must lift up my Pole,
 And deal your Love-rich noddle such a dole,
 That every blow shall make so huge a clatter,
 Men ten leagues off shall ask, Ha ! what's the
 matter ?

Damfel,

Kind grumbling youth ! I know that thou art able
 And want of breeding makes thee proud to squabble;
 Yet sure thy nature doth compunction mean,
 Though (las !) thy Mother was a surdy Quean :
 Let not meek Lovers kindle thy fierce wrath,
 But keep thy blustering breath to cool thy broth.

Knight,

Whine not my love, his fury straight will maul him,
 Stand off a while, and see how I'll lambast him.

Squire,

Now look to't Knight, this such a desp'rate blade is
 In Gaule he swing'd the valiant Sir Amadise.

Dwarfe,

Dwarfse,

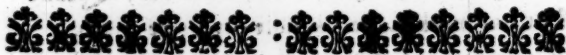
With bow now *Cupid* shoot the Son of Punk,
With Grosse bow else, or Pellet out of Trunk!

Gyant,

I'le strike thee till thou sink where the abode is,
Of wights that sneak below, call'd *Antipodes*.

Enter Merlyn,

My art shall turn this combate to delight,
They shall unto fantastick musick fight.



SOME Christian people all give ear,
Unto the grief of us,

Caus'd by the death of three children dear,

The which is hapned thus:

And the there befel an accidēt,

By faults of a Carpenters Son,

Who so saw chips his sharp Axe lent,

Woe worth the time may Lon. —

May

May London say, W^o worib the Carpenter,
 And all such Block-head fools,
 Would he were hang'd up like a Serpent here,
 For jessing with edg-tools.

For into the chips there fell a Spark,
 Which Put out in such flames,
 That it was known into Southwark,
 Which lives beyond the Thames.

For Loe the Bridge was wondrous high
 With water underneath,
 O're which as many fishes fly,
 As birds therein doth breath.

And yet the fire consum'd the Bridg,
 Not far from place of landing,
 And though the building was full big,
 It fell down yet with standing.

And eke into the water fell,
 So many Primer dishes,
 That a man might have taken up very well,
 Both boyl'd and roasted Fishes.

Q

And

*And thus the Bridg of London Town,
For building that was sumptuous,
Was All by fire Half burnt down,
For being too consumption.*

*And thus you have all, but half my Song,
Pray list to what comes after;
For now I have cool'd you with the Fire,
I'll warm you with the water.*

*I'll tell you what the Rivers name is,
Where these children did slide-a,
It was faire Londons swiftest Thames,
That keeps both time and Tide-a.*

*All on the tenth of January,
To the wonder of much people,
T'was frozen o're, that well 'twould bear
Almost a Country Steeple.*

*Three children sliding thereabouts,
Upon a place too thin,
That so at last it did fall out,
That they did all fall in.*

A great Lord there was that laid with the King,
 And with the King great wager makes:
 But when he saw he could not win,
 He fight, and would have drawn stakes.

He said it would bear a man for to slide,
 And laid a hundred pound;
 The King said it would break, and so it did,
 For three children there were drown'd.

Of which ones head was from his Should ---
 Ers stricken, whose name was John,
 Who then cry'd out as loud as he could,
 O Lon-aLon-a London.

Oh! tut-tut-turn from thy sinfull race,
 Thus did his speech decay:
 I wonder that in such a case,
 He had no more to say.

And thus being drown'd, a lack, a lack,
 The water ran down their throats,
 And stopp'd their breaths three houres by the Clock,
 Before they could get any Boats.

Ye Parents all that children have
 And ye that have none yet ;
 Preserve your children from the grave,
 And teach them at home to sit.

For had these at a Sermon been,
 Or else upon dry ground,
 Why then I would never have been seen,
 If that they had been drown'd,

Even as a Huntsman tyes his dogs,
 For fear they should goe fro him,
 So tye your children with severities clogs,
 Unty'um and you'l undo'um,

God bleſs our Noble Parliaments,
 And rid them from all fears,
 God bleſs all th' Commons of this Land,
 And God bleſs ſome o' th' Peers.

THE



THE PIGG.

(1)

I Sing not Reader of the fight
I' Twixt Bailiffs and that doughty Knight
Sir *Ambrose*, sung before :
Nor of that dismall Counter scuffle,
Nor yet of that Pantoffe,
They say the Virgin wore.

(2)

No Turkey-cock with Pigmyes fray,
Or whether then did get the day,
Nor yet *Tom Coriors* shooes ;
Nor yet the swine-fac'd Maydens head,
Ith' *Nieberlands* they say was bred,
Is subje& of my Muse.

(3)

But in Rhime Doggrill I shall tell,
What danger to a Pig befell,

D 3

As

(50)

As I can well rehearse,
As true as if the Pig could speak
On Spit, in Prose would either squeak,
Or grunt it out in verse.

(4)

A boysterous rout of armed Host
Just as the Pig was ready rolt,
Rusht in at doors, (God bless us !)
The Leader of this Warlike rout,
Strong men at armes, and stomack stout,
I ween, was Captain *Bessus*.

(5)

They lately had in *Scotland* been,
Where they such store of Sows had seen,
That garr'd them hate their Babbies ;
And *Bessus* men neer *Norton* lay,
Where Pigs you know on Organs play,
That once belong'd to abbeys.

(6)

It was a Tithe Pig I confesse,
And so the crime might be no less,
Then if't a *Cassock* wore ;

But

(51)

But yet in Orders it was nere,
Nor ever preacht, unless it were
Ith'rub the night before.

(7)

Nor was it Popishly inclin'd,
Although by forrest law their kind,
Are taught to use the Ring :
What though it wore a Scarlet-Coat ?
It nere appear'd ith' Kirk to vote,
Forther Fine Baby King.

(8)

But right or wrong, such dainty Cates
Were nere ordain'd for Reprobates,
The fat o' th earth is theirs,
The Saints by Faith and Plunder have
An heritage, and must enslave
Malignants, and their Heirs.

(9)

Fall on, fall on, they cry aloud,
This Pig's of Antichristian brood,
You'l find we are no dastards,
Their teeth so sharp, their stomacks keen
That Marriots you would them ween,
Or Wood of Kents own Bastards.

D 4

But

(52)

(10)

But now to tell how from the pawes
Of th' unlickt Whelps with greedy jawes
This Pigg escap'd, hereafter ;
As then our bellies gan to prank it,
(Thanks to *Besse* for that good banquet)
Will fill your mouth with laughter.

(11)

A sturdy Lasse with courage bold,
On Pigg, and spit, and all, laid hold,
And swore she would it rescue ;
For whether they their teeth did set,
For anger, or for hunger whet,
She way'd not that a rescue.

(12)

This brave incounter had you seen,
You would have sworn she should be Queen
Of th' Amazons, or Fayries ;
And if she make good the retreat,
Her sole protectress we'll create
Of Milk-maids and their Daries.

up

(53)

(13)

Up staires she marcheth in a trice,
And safely convey'd is the Greice
Into my Ladies chamber ;
Such holy grounds not trod by those,
Whose arm-pits, and whose socklesse toes,
Are not so sweet as amber.

(14)

The Jewes nere eat their paschall Lamb
In half such hast, as we did cram
This pig unto our dinners :
Like Presbyterians we did feed,
No grace that day our meat did need,
For that belongs to sinners.

(15)

And when the story of the Pigg
Was done ; the pettitoes a Jigg,
Came tripping in at Supper,
'Twas meat and drink to us to see
The souldiers by the Jade to be
Thus thrust besides the crupper.

Q N

ON
DOCTOR GILL,
Master of
PAULS SCHOOL.

IN Pauls Church yard in London,
There dwells a noble Ferker,
Take heed you that pass,
Lest you tast of his Lash ;
For I have found him a Ferker :
Still doth he cry,
Take him up, take him up Sir,
Untruss with expedition,
O the Burchin tool
Which he winds in' Schoel,
Frights worse then an Inquisition.

If that you chance to pass there,
As doth the man of Blacking,
He insults like a Puttock,
O're the prey of the Buttock,

Winb

*With a whipt Arse send him packing,
Still doth, &c.*

*For when thk will trufs'd Trouncer,
Into the School doth enter,
With his Napkin at his Nose,
And his Orange stuff with Gloves :
On any Arse he'l venture,
Still doth, &c.*

*A French man void of English,
Enquiring for Pauls Steeple,
His pardon a Moy,
He counted a toy,
For he whips him before all people,
Still doth, &c.*

*A Welch man once was whipt there,
Unwill he did besbit him,
His Cuds-Plustera Nail,
Could not prevail,
For he whipt the Cambro bristain.
Still doth, &c.*

A Captain of the Train'd Band,
 Sirnam'd Cornelius Wallis :
 He Whipt h.m so sore,
 Both behind and before ;
 He notch'd his Arse like Tallis,
 Still doth, &c.

For a piece of Beefe and Turnips
 Neglected with a Cabbage,
 He took up the Male-Pillion
 Of his bouncing maid Gillian,
 And sow'd her like a Baggage.
 Still doth, &c.

A Porter came in rudely,
 And disturb'd the humming Concord :
 He spoke up his Frock,
 And paid his Nock,
 And saw'd him with his own Cord,
 Still doth he cry, &c.

GILL

GILL upon GILL:

O R,

Gill's Ass uncas'd, unstript,
unbound.

S I R, did you me this Epistle send,
Which is so vile and lewdly pen'd ;
In which no line I can espy
Of sense, or true Orthography,
So slovenly it goes,
In verse and Prose,
For which I must pull down your Hose :
O good Sir, then cry'd he,
In private let it be,
And doe not sauce me openly.

Yes Sir, I'll sauce you openly,
Before *Sonnd* and the company ;
And that none at thee may take *heart*,
Though thou art *Barceblour* of Art :
Though thou hast paid thy Fees
For thy Degrees :

Yet

Yet I will make thy Arse to sneer;
 And now I doe begin
 To thresh it on thy skin,
 For now my hand is in, is in:

First for the *Theams* which thou me sent,
 Wherein much non-sense thou didst vent;
 And for that barbarous piece of Greek,

* *When he was Clark
 in Wad-
 ham, and
 being by his
 place to be-
 gin a Psalm
 he sung
 out of
 Church,
 bidding
 the people
 sing to the
 praise and
 Glory of
 God Qui-
 cunque
 vult.*

For which in *Garbems* thou didst seek,
 And for thy faults not few,
 In tongue *Hebrew* :
 For which a Grove of Birch is due ;
 Therefore me not beseech
 To pardon now thy breech,
 For I'll be thy Arse Leach, Arse Leach.

Next for the offence that thou didst give,
 When as in *Trinity* thou didst live,
 And hadst thy Arse in *Walham Coll. mult*
 For bidding sing, * *Quicunque vult*,
 And for thy † *Blanketting*,
 And many such a thing,

† *He was
 res'd in a
 Blanket.*

For which thy name in *Town* doth ring,
 And none deserves so ill.

To

To hear as bad as *Gill*,
Thy name *is* ~~is~~ a Prove; b still.

Next since thou a Preacher were,
Thou ventest hast such rascal Geer,
For which the French men all cry'd fie,
To hear such Pulpit Ribauldry,
And sorry were to see,
So worthy a degree,
So ill to be bestow'd on thee;
But glad am I to say
The Masters made thee stay,
Till thou in * *Quarto* didst them pray.

But now-remains the vilest thing,
The Ale house barking 'gainst the K,
And all his brave and Noble Peers,
For which thou ventredst for thy ears,
And if thou hadst thy right,
Cut off they had been quite,
And thou hadst been a Rogue in fight:
But though thou mercy finde,
Yet I'll not be so kinde,
But I'll jerk thee behind, behind.

FINIS-

*A Knaves
tongue and
a Whores
tail who
can hold?*

** He did
fit four
times for
his degree.*